A

Paſtoral ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. *THOMAS CREECH.*

4°

DAPHNIS:

OR, A

Paſtoral ELEGY

Upon the Unfortunate and much-lamented

DEATH

OF

Mr. *THOMAS CREECH.*

--------*Negat quis Carmina Gallo?*
Hunc etiam Lauri, hunc etiam flevere Myricæ.
Virgil.

LONDN,
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DAPHNIS, &c.

THYRSIS. *ALEXIS.*

THE Roſie Morning with prevailing Light
Had now diſpell'd the humid Shades of Night,
And ſmiling *Phœbus* ſpread his Thirſty Beams
To drink the Dew, and taſt the Silver Streams:
When on a riſing Mountain's fragrant Side
By *Flora* deckt in all her gawdy Pride;
The mourning Shepherd, young *Alexis* lay,
Sickning at Light, and weary of the Day:
On conſcious Heav'n he fix'd his weeping Eyes,
As if he ſought his *Daphnis* in the Skies.
Daphnis, who from the Earth was lately fled;
Daphnis, (he living) lov'd, and mourn'd for *Daphnis* dead.
When Generous Fortune kindly brought that way
Sad *Thyrſis* to aſſiſt the penſive Boy,
To be the kind Companion of his Woe;
That both their Tears might in one Current flow:
Thus then the Youth began a doleful Strain,
And thus beſpoke the Sympathizing Swain.

Alexis. Ah *Thyrſis*! haſt thou heard the diſmal Tale?
How *Daphnis* dy'd in yonder Gloomy Vale!
Say, couldſt thou think that he, whoſe Verſe could move
A Rock to Pity, or a Stone to Love.
Who could, like *Ovid*, tendreſt Thoughts inſtill
Should fall a Victim to a Woman's Will?

Thyrſis. Yes, Shepherd, yes; the Story is too true!
Look, how the Groves have chang'd their verdant hiew!
The wither'd Leaves lie ſcatter'd all around,
And blaſted Flowers diſgrace the ſacred Ground.
Yes, he is dead! the poor unhappy Swain,
Lov'd beauteous *LALAGE*, but lov'd in vain;
Fantaſtick, proud, and conſcious of her Charms,
She ſcorn'd his Love, and fled his wiſhing Arms.
Nought cou'd prevail, tho' all Loves Arts he try'd:
She ſacrific'd the Shepherd to her Pride.
Ungentle Nymph, to thee we owe his Death,
'Twas *LALAGE* that rob'd poor *Daphnis* of his Breath.

Alex. Ah cruel Nymph! we've loſt the learned'ſt Swain
That ever ſung on our *Arcadia's* Plain:
What ſprightly Thoughts, what Joy did he inſpire!
When with ſuch Art he touch'd the *Roman* Lyre?
What tender Pity did our Souls invade,
When he bewail'd the Royal *Grecian* Maid?

How well his Muſe the fatal Story told,
When ſhe the poor *Lucretia*'s Fate condol'd?
When *Daphnis* Sung, how did our Groves rejoyce,
And Grottos Eccho to his charming Voice?
How ſlow did ſilent *Ouſa* roul along,
When *Daphnis* taught us great *Lucretia*'s Song?
Where wandring Atoms in Confuſion hurl'd,
Agreed by Chance, and ſo compos'd a World.
Whilſt Nervous Numbers with harmonious Feet,
In ſuch a ſoft, and tuneful Cadence meet;
As (to his laſting Honour) fully prove
Chance could not in ſuch Beauteous Order move.
Then, Cruel Nymph, how could thy Pride refuſe
So ſoft a Lover and ſo ſweet a Muſe?
Hadſt thou but yeilded to our *Daphnis* Love,
On every Green, in every blooming Grove,
The Nymphs and Swains had bleſt thy happy Name,
And *LALAGE*, and *Daphnis* fill'd the Mouth of Fame.
But now both Nymphs, and Swains unite their Breath,
To Curſe thy Scorn, and mourn the Shepherds Death:
Whoſe Shade now wandring in the penſive Grove,
Still, ſtill complains of *LALAGE*, and Love.
Daphnis farewel, farewel unhappy Swain!
May'ſt thou in *Lethe*'s Lake forget thy Pain,

And in oblivion ſleep, till thou no more
Remember what thou didſt, or what thou wert before.
Thyrſis. See yonder Sheep, how ragged now and bare,
A happy Flock, whilſt they were *Daphnis* Care,
But now they mope, and ſtraggling o're the Plain
Lament all Day, and mourn their abſent Swain:
No more they Joy to Crop the tender Buds,
Nor ſeek at Noon cool Springs, and ſhady Woods.
In neither Sun, nor Shade, they now delight,
Nor dread the Foxes, or the Wolves by Night.
Here pin'd to Death, a harmleſs Lambkin lies,
And there for Grief his bleating Mother dyes.
As if ſhe did with her departing Breath
Invoke juſt Heaven t'avenge her Maſters Death.
Alex. And *Pan* will ſure revenge the Shepherd's Fate
Altho' perhaps his vengeance comes but late.
Laſt Night returning home, in yonder Grove,
Where we were us'd to ſing, and talk of Love,
I heard great *Pan*, and all the Sylvan Train
Of *Daphnis* Love, and *Daphnis* death complain.
The weeping Heav'ns a Shower of Tears diſtill'd,
And all the Woods were with loud Sorrow fill'd.
Whilſt mournful Ecchoes all their Sighs rebound,
Wiſhing they had been ſomething more than Sound.

Pan

Pan moſt of all the Shepherd's Death deplor'd,
He *Daphnis* lov'd, and *Daphnis* him ador'd.
Oh (my dear Boy) he cry'd, why wouldſt thou dare
To view a Face ſo tempting, and ſo Fair?
Why, why didſt thou indulge the ſecret Fire?
Ah! why wouldſt thou admit the fond deſire,
And hope th' imperious *LALAGE* to move?
Why didſt thou dye? (alas!) why didſt thou Love?
But 'tis in vain to ask; 'twas ſo decreed,
So I coy *Syrnix* chas'd, and caught a trembling Reed.
Fair Fatal Sex! who can our Souls ſurprize
With tender Looks, and ſoft bewitching Eyes,
Were you but half as pitiful and kind,
The God of Love had not been counted blind.
On you we Gaze, and feel a pleaſing Pain
Steal to our Hearts, and glide thro' every Vein.
Till drunk with Love our weakneſs we betray;
And dye, if you refuſe to yield the Joy!
More had he ſpoke; but Words began to fail,
And breathleſs Ecchoes murmur'd in the Vale;
Convulſive Sorrow ſwell'd his throbbing Breaſt,
Adieu! adieu! he cry'd, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Thyr. But ſay what chance, what luckleſs Fortune drew
The ſcornful Virgin to the Shepherd's View?

Where did his fatal Paſſion firſt begin ?
Ah ! Where was ſhe by wretched *Daphnis* ſeen.
Alexis. Beneath a Shade to ſhun the Heat of Day,
On *Ouſa*'s flow'ry Banks our *Daphnis* lay ;
Whilſt his glad Flocks around their Maſter feed,
Charm'd with the Muſick of his Voice, and Reed :
Of *Chaos* firſt he ſung, and boundleſs Space,
Before the Birth of Matter, Time, or Place ;
Before Old Night had felt the piercing Ray
Of Light, and yielded to invading Day.
Then, how the wondrous Univerſe began,
What Order thro' the new-made Structure ran ;
The Birth of Nature, and the Birth of Man.
Then chang'd his Subject, and in ſofter Strains
Diſcover'd *Grecian* Loves, to *Britiſh* Swains.
Whilſt *LALAGE* from an adjacent Glade,
(Where trembling Boughs compos'd a moving Shade)
With Pleaſure liſten'd to his warbling Airs,
And drunk the pleaſing Tales with greedy Ears :
Then o'ę the Lawns ſhe trips with nimble Feet
To know who 'twas ſung ſo divinely Sweet ;
And as ſhe paſt along, th' impatient Maid
With curious Eyes each ſecret Place ſurvey'd,
Still following Eccho as a faithful Guide,
Till ſhe at diſtance had the Shepherd ſpy'd.

Thyrſis. Ah happy Swain!
Hadſt thou but fled from that unhappy Place,
And never ſeen her fair enchanting Face,
Thou yet hadſt been the Lord of all our Plains,
And we yet heard thy ſoft harmonious Strains.
Alexis. But *Daphnis* to his Fate with Pleaſure run,
He ſaw the Nymph, he lov'd, and was undone.
With haughty Looks, and a diſdainful Mien
Apace ſhe walk'd, and croſt the ſhaded Green;
The Shepherd view'd her as ſhe paſt along,
Dropt down his Reed, and ſtrait forgot his Song,
With wiſhing Eyes he gaz'd upon her Charms,
And wou'd have dy'd t'have dy'd within her Arms;
Deep draughts of Love he drunk, and ſtrong deſire,
His Breaſt, like *Etna*, glow'd with inward Fire,
Which when the Nymph perceiv'd, more proud and coy
She look'd, and ſmil'd with a malicious Joy.
Nor could he ſince the cruel Tyrant move
(Obdurate Maid) to Pity or to Love.
The ſad, the direful Paſſion ſtill increas'd,
Ten Thouſand raging Thoughts diſtract his Breaſt.
His Flock and darling Muſe no longer were
His dear delight, his Pleaſure, and his Care;
The Nymph, the Nymph, he thinks of nought but her.

But

But hapleſs Youth!-------
The more he lov'd, the more ſhe ſcorn'd his Flame,
And ſeem'd to hate both Love and *Daphnis* Name.
Then from our Groves to yonder Wood he flies,
(Strange Power of Love!) and there deſpairing dies.

Thyrſis. The laſt time I the wretched Swain beheld,
Was on a Sunny Bank in *Ægon*'s Field;
All Fire himſelf, he minded not to ſhun
The Heat of Day, or fly the ſcorching Sun;
Wildly he ſtar'd, his Face look'd pale, and wan,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd like a dying Man.
When to him thus I ſpoke--------
Unhappy Youth!-------and can there be no Cure,
What Tortures doſt thou feel, what Pains endure?
Whilſt by a cruel unrelenting Maid,
Thou art to Miſery, and Death betray'd.
Ah, canſt thou not forget her fatal Charms,
And take ſome kinder Beauty to thy Arms?
Return, return to our abandon'd Grove;
And there thou mayſt be happy in thy Love.
For thee in amorous Fires *Lycoris* burns,
For thee the lovely *Galetea* mourns.
Wer't thou from this inglorious Bondage free,
A Thouſand Bleſſings wait to fall on thee.
The Jolly Troops that us'd to hear thy Lays,
And crown thy Brows with Wreaths of verdant Bays:

In Sighs and Tears of thy hard Fate complain,
Begging kind Heav'n to break the ſubtle Chain
Which holds thy Heart; and thy ſweet Muſe reſtore;
That thou mayſt charm them, as thou didſt before.
Thy ſcatter'd Flocks too o're the Foreſts roam,
Wanting their Shepherd to compell them home.
Riſe then dear *Daphnis*, give this Fondneſs o're,
And think of cruel *LALAGE* no more.
Thus I------and thus reply'd the ſighing Swain,
Ah *Thyrſis*, if thou wouldſt remove my Pain,
Give me my Love, ſo may I ſooth my Grief,
Forget my Cares, and grow more fond of Life:
For tho' ſo proud, diſdainful, and unkind,
Without her I can hope no Peace to find;
My wandring Thoughts her Form do's ſtill purſue,
And ſtill my Soul ha's *LALAGE* in view.
Ah ſavage Fair, wouldſt thou this bounty give,
(For ſince thou wilt not Love, I cannot Live)
Wouldſt thou but deign to cloſe my trembling Eyes,
Or drop a Tear or two, as *Daphnis* dyes:
With Joy, I'd meet the cold Embrace of Death,
And bleſs my Charmer with my lateſt Breath.
Didſt thou but Rage with ſuch a fierce deſire,
I'd ruſh thro' foaming Seas, and Storms of Fire,

Attempt the greateſt Dangers, and not grieve
To part with Life, ſo *LALAGE* might Live.
But thou malicious fair one, with Diſdain!
Laughs at my Grief, and ſmiling mock'ſt my Pain.
Be gone ye Quacks, your Arts no longer boaſt,
In ſpight of all your Med'cines I am loſt;
Be gone ye Cheats, who with vain Charms pretend
To make departed Shades again aſcend:
Be gone ye Zealots, who at Altars bow;
The Gods are deaf, and cannot hear you now.
I rave, I rage, I burn, oh! let me fly
To ſome dark deſart Place, and there I'll dye.
Thus ſpoke the Swain, and acted as he ſaid,
Raving to yonder gloomy Wood he fled.
Where, for a while, with piercing Sighs and Groans
He fills the Shades, and his dire Fate bemoans;
Repeating ſtill the cruel Charmer's Name,
And on each Tree records his hapleſs Flame.
Till quite o'erwhelm'd with Woe and drown'd in Grief,
He thus gave up the ſad remains of Life.
Farewel ye Swains! to Death's dark Courts I go
To mourn amongſt the weeping Shades below.
Farewel ye Streams, and conſcious Groves, he cry'd:
So did the dreadful work of Fate, and dy'd.

Alexis.

Alex. Unhappy Youth! What could the Fates design
To bleſs the World with ſuch a Muſe as thine,
Yet ſuffer Death to raviſh her away,
E're ſhe could half her ſmiling Charms diſplay?
What Star, what baleful Planet rul'd thy Birth?
Shedding malignant Rays upon the Earth,
That thou ſhouldſt dye amidſt thy Vernal Bloom,
Before thy Muſe had brought her Harveſt home!
But 'twas a diſmal, ſad, untimely Death
That robb'd ſo ſoon the Shepherd of his Breath.
Thus blooming Trees are nipt with killing Froſt,
Thus budding Flowers harſh Mildews often blaſt.
Hadſt thou ſurviv'd, what Wonders had we ſeen!
What liſtning Crowds had throng'd each Grove and Green.
Upon thy Voice the Nymphs and Swains had hung,
As when before great *Tytyrus* ſweetly ſung.
Thyrſis. But *Tityrus* is gone, and *Daphnis* fled,
And all our Hopes are with the Shepherds, dead.
Farewel dear Youth, ſo faſt my Tears do flow,
That Words are wanting to expreſs my Woe.
As *Hebrus* ſtopt for Grief his golden Side,
When on it's Banks the tuneful *Orpheus* dy'd;
So do our Groves, and Rivers ſeem to mourn,
In ſilent Sorrow, for their Swains return.

But thou canſt ne're return——
For thou haſt croſt the irreameable Lake,
And *Charon*'s Boat comes always empty back.

Here did the Swains their mournful Theme give o're,
Sighs ſtopt their Words, and they could ſpeak no more.

FINIS.

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